

# **FOURTH AVENUE**

**David R. Wyder**



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*Steve Sherlock (bartender)*

*“So inhale again as deep as you can, kid, and here it comes again,  
the big buzzing nothing, the echo at the bottom of a well.”  
(Galadrielle Allman)*



## A BLOODY WHITE CHRISTMAS

Mom forgot she was in the UK and drove  
on the wrong side of the road.

She wrapped the car around a utility pole  
and was killed instantly.

Dad suffered a head injury and later died  
of an overdose of pain pills.

Sister Carie had a miscarriage in the backseat  
and bled to death.

Brother Sebastian was crushed by the driver's side door and perished.

I survived without a scratch and vowed  
never to learn how to drive.

So far it has worked out and I have reached my 69th year...

# FILM

A negative of myself

reproduces

A positive of myself.

# PASADENA PARADISE

Paradise regained

People going insane

Pasadena woman

Comforts me in the dusk of dawn

Pasadena woman

Lays with her head and yawns

Intercourse ever long...

## THE OLD WHORE

An old whore  
walks her dog  
by my window  
I get a hard on  
and lose myself  
in a six pack of beer  
wishing she were younger  
and prettier.

# DID JESUS EVER COME?

Did Jesus ever  
ejaculate,  
masturbate  
or have a wet dream?

Was Jesus aware  
of his cock and balls  
how many inches did he have?

Was his semen holy  
could his sperm impregnate  
a woman's womb and have  
a grandson or granddaughter for God?

Jesus was a carpenter  
did he ever  
nail a veil  
in back of the church  
and moan  
to kingdom come?

Surely he ate, pissed  
shit and sweated  
but did he ever come?

## STEPHANIE WILSON

What a flirt!  
she thinks every man  
is a faith healer  
they all lay hands on her  
but she never seems to get better.

She always attracted me  
into puppy dog distraction  
got me where she wanted me  
and then left me  
where no one would want me.

# STEPHANIE

Stephanie  
closes windows  
and curses the darkness.

Stephanie  
sleeps in cars  
and praises the Lord.

Stephanie  
comes over  
and holds my hand.

Stephanie  
says quietly  
silence is golden.

## RETURN MY HEART

We all have a "you" in our life  
someone out there who was to have  
spent the rest of their days with us  
but then went far away for some reason.

Children now emerge from their mother's womb  
as unformatted diskettes which in  
time the culture automatically formats  
into a DNA of an unknown incurable virus.

There are dust bunnies  
under the bed of my soul  
some folks borrow your heart  
and forget to return it.

Now I'm always late because  
I get wherever too early  
life disappoints me  
death awaits me.



## TICKET TO LIVE

Hey, I got a ticket to live on this world

I came out of a lady

As a result of two people's love

But I sometimes wonder

Was it?

# ATOM PSALM

Men, Women, O

live, die

flow

Eternity's stream

wet, wild

dream

Man, Woman

the job

stay on top.

## OVER THE EDGE

A four-legged companion  
greets my old age days  
where a walk in the park  
is calm and the nothingness glows bright.

A decanter of wine  
and a daughter so fine  
she brings tears to my eyes  
whenever I stop and realize  
how much she means to me.

A chemical imbalance  
is what the doctor said  
the bad dreams and visions  
would soon leave my mind.

I rummage through the scrapbooks  
of my well-ordered past  
come unhappily to the realization  
nothing is all that will last.

A repeat, a rerun, a deja vu moment  
is all it takes  
to fog up my mind  
and send me over the edge.

## OLD AGE (Part 1)

Life after death is recycling

Generic sperm from the Church of Intercourse

Has created billions of beings

Time no longer ages you but memory does

A camel in my consciousness stores

memories of sex

I have spent a large part of my life in the shade of a non-existent tree

You have been born and graduated high school

Are you aware that society can still abort you?

There's not much gas left in my tank

I'm running on bald tires and fumes

When did I begin to botch real life?

The breath of eternity is inside my lungs

Sometimes you do a bad thing

for good reasons

Sometimes you do a good thing

for bad reasons

The opposite smell of dead people is cinnamon

Society does not like simplicity or relaxation

Society likes convenience and answers

Infinity and zero are the same thing

When you keep yourself busy

The burden of time eases

A snake has two penises

People don't change they decay.

## OLD AGE (Part 2)

Oh, we get old so quickly!

Some days I push dirt underneath  
the fingernails of God.

Ants take 200 short naps every day  
I only take one.

I warm my hands on cold days  
With the embers of memory.

I've always wanted my patience to come quickly  
I've always wanted to come patiently.

The next generation is being handed a world  
Of ill-fitting, skid-marked underwear.

My mother played psychic dodge ball  
with the Christian Science religion.  
In my teens I was a walking sperm dispenser.  
Until you drive a car you are still a kid.

Not looking forward at all  
To the halitosis of another summer in NJ  
Drugs and alcohol always turned me  
Into a social butterfly  
Old age turned me into a caterpillar.

## OLD DAYS

Dreams of the Jewish boss who hired me  
when I was only 17  
gave me a job, gave me a skill, gave me a chance  
wonder if he is still alive but doubt it...

Manifold Printers on First Avenue in Paterson  
where I was an apprentice printer  
he taught me about patience and quality of work  
but I blew it because I was a freak...

Too much booze, too much pot,  
too much cocaine  
and then he hired someone else  
and I was jealous, immature to such a degree  
that I got my ass fired...

But every now and then a dream  
brings me back to Dave the person  
who was my boss, my friend, my teacher  
and today I'm very grateful for those days...

# OH PARENTS, OH CHILDREN

Oh how our parents wept  
at the sight of their sons  
and daughters nodding out to the  
tunes of fake revolution

Oh how they admonished us to  
clean up the streets instead  
of marching in them.

Oh how they cursed the sunshine  
for blinding the intuitive  
nose to the grindstone  
mentality of their sickness.

Oh how they suffered  
in the early morning hours  
for the children who had  
forgotten them and were asleep  
in the deepest of hypnotic trances  
never to come home again.

## RIVER STREET

Someone was there to spoil the fun  
The parade passed by only to get rained on  
Under the influence of a spectator sport  
Self-flagellation she said and quickly smiled  
We made some tea and talked of mating our rats  
Still it rained on our parade  
The judge mumbled something about Coca-Cola  
And set us all free  
We still managed to torment the meter maid  
We repainted the firehouse and spilled shellac  
All over the doctor's prescription  
We reported a missing "lost and found" to the police downtown  
The police reported conduct unbecoming a politician uptown  
They let him lay in the sidewalk anyway  
We played dice games and diagnosed the schizophrenia.



## RIVERSIDE #2

We never come  
cause we never go  
we never speed  
cause we're too slow.

We stay behind walls  
where only the devil calls  
there's so much confusion  
sooner or later all becomes illusion.

Disease in the breeze  
how can anyone work  
in a system  
that doesn't work?

# NO DAY TO DIE

I see no entrance

I see no exit

The only thing to do

Is stay right here.

Be still and wait

For time will come to be eternity

Your form will change

Thoughts will be pure and full.

## BEER

Did it again  
got lost  
on the road to salvation  
the fiery free spirit within  
tangled itself round  
the choicest rice, hops and barley.

## DUSK APPROACHES

The dog has not been fed in days  
dusk approaches  
I get back outside  
lose my ride (missed the bus)  
walk a mile  
sans smile  
and feel very, very sick

The cat has not been outside for months  
dusk approaches  
The Riverside demon  
checks out the bar (everybody is liquid)  
I sit down on the ground only to find  
crack in the sidewalk  
and joints in my cigarette pack.

The landlady has been high for years  
dusk approaches  
my head hurts with hate  
want to sign out from life  
or be a bum from state to state  
but I can't get a grip on myself  
so the days just pass me by.

## CAFFEINE

Unoriginal meanderings cast  
    shadows of self-doubt  
Agonies best friend patience betrays virtue  
Love's grandness breaks a leg falling over a girl  
    Swears to kill love next time he sees it  
        Ends up killing self  
    For love is within not without.

Scrambled minds in double time  
    made schizoid rhyme  
Analysis changed mutated fixed nothing  
Clarity made disparity who miscarried sincerity  
    Mind wishes for eternal time  
        Ends up dying  
    For life is death over and over again.

# DRUGGIE

Still alive after 60 orbits around the sun.

Still taking drugs to keep me alive.

Xanax, Paxil, Cigarettes, Coffee and Alcohol.

What I wouldn't give for a joint of marijuana tonight.

Smoked it for nearly five years straight everyday.

Loved every minute of the intoxication.

Must admit I'm a former druggie

And proud of it.

Did LSD, Hash, Speed,  
Quaalude, Mescaline, Opium  
Loved every minute of it.

And when I'm about to die  
Let the morphine flow....

## MEANDER

On a ship going forward into the night  
with drinks for all  
I don't know the answer and all is in jeopardy  
we anchor tomorrow in Puerto Rico.

This rum hits me sideways  
but the slots ain't paying  
I hear my mother scream although she is dead  
will I sleep tonight or just roll with the waves?

My hired lady gives all the right answers  
it doesn't even matter because  
what she does to me  
gets the sheets all wet.

Vacation time where nothing matters  
the clocks run backwards and I sip away  
not a care except for the triangle.

# DAWN'S GIFT

cold shivers  
a cigarette for another finger

sealed ministers  
each one with starch in the collar

dirty streets  
heaven is a four walled cave

infallible cocks  
hardened like cement yet soft as butter

mad hatters  
with brains full of logical serenity

piss poor  
endless puddles of token remorse

moody moments  
with quakes detonated in nirvana

the female  
ends her sentence with a period

the male  
ends his paragraph with another

the gods  
end all start naught

the souls  
of the damned on a road.



## Mumbo Jumbo Gumbo

Unfinished and inconsiderate people  
rule the neighborhood  
Rev their cycles, blast their music  
and shout when it's quiet.

The bold brain grows shy and is  
afraid of confrontation  
Practice patience, wait them out,  
sleep when it's over.

My soup has turned to warm beer and I lap it up  
Mix in a few pills and off to the graveyard I go.

## DIED OF LAUGHTER

The firehouse burned down  
The chief of police was murdered

The hookers are all virgins  
The rabbi was not circumcised

I love hate, I hate love  
I love love, I hate hate

Nature abhors a vacuum but loves a dirty carpet  
When Mr. Rogers met Stephen Hawking he farted loudly

There was an old German giving a sermon  
About the dangers of electing vermin

The grass in front of the funeral home died  
Who will bury it?

## MY NEURONS ARE OLD

At the end of the work day  
there's sand from the big bang  
in my shoes.

My brain is a quark modem  
downloads star dust from black holes  
makes sweet music.

My parallel universe friend  
is just like me alone and scarred  
from years of sweet abuse.

## UPPERS

A religious afternoon

Was had by all

Bible reading

Amphetamine speeding

Racing to heaven

On a bicycle built for two...

THE PRESENT IS NOW PAST

Getting older was  
much more fun  
when I was younger...

## COVID

Don't want to end up a statistic  
These Covid 19 numbers are making me sick  
There is no place I want to go  
Will stay home and watch my hair grow

Lying upside down in death's ditch  
All because of some mask less son of a bitch  
Simple rules to follow when going out  
Some make it political and love to flout about

We all wait for the vaccine  
To get our bodies all clean  
Here it is year number two  
And there is no end in view.

## COLD

Everyone is talking sickness  
About matter and mind  
The alive spirit only survives  
When it no longer thinks of time.

## CORONA, CORONA

A lying, cheating and ignorant leader!  
Who steals the pennies off a dead man's eyes  
Our life preserver has sprung a leak  
This part of our lifetime is not worth remembering.

Corona, Corona sick to death of you  
Corona, Corona more than just the yearly flu  
It's Ground Hog Day and *déjà vu* all over again  
Better to be six feet away  
Than six feet under  
Got to wash my hands of you.

No more mundane grocery shopping  
Everybody looks like they are holding up a bank  
There's no freedom to assemble  
The stock market has sank.

It ends with horror,  
It ends with the brain starved for oxygen,  
It ends with the lips gone blue and the feet Swelled with fluid,  
It ends with your consciousness  
Locked inside a ventilator.



## THE IDIOT

Trumpty Dumpty  
Sat on a very small wall  
Trumpty Dumpty  
Injected himself with Lysol

All the presidents lackeys  
And all the president's men  
Could not put Trumpty Dumpty  
Back together again.

AIR  
people  
stare  
silent  
despair  
disease  
must  
be  
in  
the  
air.

## THE DAY SPELLS T-R-O-U-B-L-E

A wild ejaculator runs down the hallway  
with a watermelon in each hand  
he tells me to go fuck myself but in the  
interim I do a load of laundry  
but the stains won't come out,  
they won't come out  
and mother rests in her grave  
while her bed wetting son  
represses enough shit to fill the  
local sewage treatment plant.

I'm running on empties,  
Elvis Costello, and a handful of pills  
must go out and buy something  
to ease this mildew pain  
in the basement of the mind  
I steal all the beer and pee constantly  
I curse those who preach, teach  
and leech on my space  
but Mom it's OK now because  
my diploma is preserved in plastic.

And I'm a sleepwalking gangster  
who wouldn't hurt a flea  
enforces the rights and turns around  
the wrongs until I can't see

where does the light begin and  
where does the darkness end  
I enjoy my work but without  
the music in my head  
I might as well be dead.  
So many fish in the sea and I  
stick my nose in the cunt  
of the Big Bang and never  
fail to expand my knowledge  
in the sweet incense of quark and charm  
she just needs the money and my virtual honey  
will do just fine but in the end  
the Day Spells T-R-O-U-B-L-E...

## IN WAIT OF ASH & WORM

The birds that sing before the sun rises  
are “tweeting” much more important “stuff”  
than the social network freaks.

These fliers and ground-eaters know  
the future both ours & theirs.

The melancholy sound of their song  
does not bode well for a universe  
about to implode or so I decode.

The winged creatures stop their  
chatter as soon as the sun rises.

They go about their daily business  
much like we do  
I’m just a plump robin  
in wait of ash and worm.

## RECYCLE BIN

All the garbage we leave behind  
never really leaves the mind  
goes to the recycle bin  
and comes back out over and over again.

I saw the truth when I looked in your eyes  
but later you told me so many lies  
all I could do was stare and wonder  
what would kill us: the lightning or the thunder.

Sunday evening with the dread of work  
I toss and turn and awake with a jerk  
there is no better way to live  
then to be busy and learn how to give.

For those we judge as the fools  
does not mean we are OK or cool  
our lives function very much the same  
we play to win and cheat at the game.

## THE GARAGE

Boxes full of yesterday and I must sort through them  
and keep what means the most to me  
It is getting harder to realize in this digital age  
what is what and what is not.

The clouds in the sky, the cloud in the  
Internet where we store our dreams  
Reality seems to always disappoint because  
we always wake up to the same old thing.

Hard drives full of music, sex  
and political misgivings  
Yet none of this will survive the  
second Big Bang.

Try to tell myself that I don't care about  
all this shit but in reality I do  
It is hard to let go of things that define  
what your brain is today.

Try to get to a point where all you need is the  
basics but the garbage keeps piling up  
So must keep throwing away the past in  
order to reach the future.

Box after box and I sweat as I dispose  
of myself of the past  
Contemplate the alcohol cure but  
I'm not sure if that will work again.

## THE EARTH AS HANGNAIL

History is deleted and refashioned by  
minds bent on doctrine.  
Freedom is preserved by elected  
slobs who must come clean.  
Borders are guarded day and night  
to keep out undesirables.  
The peace is preserved by neutron  
bombs poised at the ready.  
Money markets float with no  
vision of world economy.  
Dangerous maniacs rifle through  
airline counters with voided tickets.  
Mountains wear down and  
rivers flow sideways.  
Mankind paves ground and  
stillness is lost to progress.  
People fight to be free and  
imprison animals and nature.  
Every so often a planet is discovered  
but no other life like ours is found.  
Can we transfer this earth  
substance or only erase it.  
Buttons off jackets so nothing  
to close up the wounds.  
The stardust creator continues  
to dance and we survive barely.

## LAY DOWN

There is tapioca pudding on the sole of my shoes  
My blood stream has circulated  
to the moon and back  
I'm not sure how many miles I have left to go  
But none of that matters when I see you're face  
When you spread your legs  
When you moan my name  
And make me climax like an  
asteroid smacking into earth  
The laundry truck has left without my socks  
She awakened a long dormant  
passion inside of me  
I couldn't chase away her little critters  
So her mother made sure I was out of the picture  
The family album was never  
the same without me  
Today she complains about  
everything but the weather  
My urine is cloudy but my lungs are still clear  
The orchestra in my mind has no woodwinds  
The autistic conductor plays with himself  
But most days everything is in tune  
and we all go on and onward  
Past the shadows, out of the confusion  
and into the black and blue  
Where might is right and wrong is strong  
The axis of good spins but we refuse to lay down.



# RETIREMENT

Refilled the  
Salt & pepper  
shakers

There:

My work  
Is done.

## THE PERFECT ZERO

Perfectly empty  
Perfectly void  
Perfectly perfected  
Perfectly alloyed.

The perfect zero  
builds molecules and atoms  
fishes in a gene pool  
catches us in time.

The perfect zero  
includes nothing you can  
see, taste, touch, hear or smell  
knows no heaven, knows no hell.

The perfect zero  
strings us along for the ride  
an ever-widening circle  
of impossibility.

## THE HOURS

At six the cloudy skies got me up smoked a  
cigarette lied in bed jerked off to nonsense

Then at seven o'clock reverie dreams of  
mother's milk, sweat and migraines

At eight finally awake not a minute too late breakfast,  
shower and a kind word  
for the cunt tree

At nine entwined in unemployment line  
no smoking sign

Ten again what a bore there's  
no Broadway whore

Eleven is seven over and over again

Twelve is swell, turn on air conditioner,  
do push ups, sit ups and one throw up

One is fun but quickly overdone

Two is through I am me and you are you

Three is free just bee.....buzz

Four is a bore to bad there's still more

Five is alive time to eat

(tell me is hunger contagious?)

Six is full of tricks-can't see the folds  
too many holes in the brain

Seven is eleven over and over again

Eight is great but my excuses are usually forged

Nine is refined and TV time

Ten is lost in space and loss of face

Eleven is and was what could never be...

## SOME DREAMS

And I dreamed I was a sailor  
Going around the seven seas  
And every port I reached  
You were there to hold me.

And I dreamed I was the pollen  
And you were the queen bee  
And when you came over  
You stuck real good to me.

And I dreamed you were the rain  
A bursting cloud at the seams  
And I was the ground  
Thirsty for a reborn spring.

And I dreamed you in the desert  
Covered up by the sand  
And I was able to save you  
With an extension of my hand.

And I dreamed we were children  
Secure, timeless and free  
We ran laughing in the woods  
Then rested and climbed trees.

And I dreamed we were together  
As long as time will stand  
And I dreamed that our smiles  
Brought peace to every land.

## THE ABORTION

There once was a boy  
who was never befriended  
He lived on his own  
on himself he depended.

He wrote sad poems  
that no one ever read  
Many times he thought  
he'd be better off dead.

Then one day  
he met his match  
Blonde and beautiful  
she was quite a catch.

They fell in love  
after much discussion  
When their bodies met  
there was quite a repercussion.

They went on for months  
as if nothing had happened  
Against all obstacles  
they continued their passion.

But one unexpected thing  
did get in their way  
It was a baby  
which they threw away.

The embryo they aborted  
was three months alive  
What they had to do  
killed them all inside.

They were young and foolish  
and in anger they parted  
But deep inside they wished  
they had finished what they started.

## AFTERNOON DREAM

Pity and pain plenty of rain  
takes a long time to get back home  
when the road goes on forever.

Fun and games more of the same  
when sunrise hurts your eyes  
takes you away from your dreams.

Anger and shame twisted again  
takes more than body to find spirit  
when you give up you lose.

Quiet nights heart beats away  
the children of hope are never alone  
everlasting Truth shows the way.

## ADDICTIONS

One after another takes my life away  
I can't help it-there is no self-control  
No inner peace only a gaping hole  
Full of excuses and blame  
Is there such a reality as "inner peace?"

I know the universe is vast  
And beyond my imagination  
But I just want to feel good all the time  
What is wrong with that?  
Why must I be born again.

If it feels good-do it!  
That's what I've always done  
And continue to do  
But the cost in cash and emotion  
Will soon catch up with me.

## APARTMENT #9

The happy hunting grounds of love  
have turned sour and taste like vinegar  
my soul is a sizzling steak on a grill  
not enough flame in the fire  
or variety in life only an enduring cry  
to let the end be majestic and high!

The tinted glasses of the future  
burn my left retina and thus  
make me blind to facts and wisdom  
a sewer of porn and lust  
runs down my leg as the  
hard drive spins like a washing machine.

The clearing in the woods is filled  
with spoiled food and I spray  
refrigerant on my wounds but  
they never seem to heal as I  
say goodbye to another day  
without humor, without satisfaction,  
with regrets.



## CUT & PASTE

When a honeybee dies it  
releases a death pheromone  
That smells like a dorm room during the forties  
Where the ladies enjoyed a good self-fondling.

I enjoy putting things in the digital meat grinder  
The future is in your hands  
I have been feeling really dirty lately.

How much does quality cost these days?  
Truth has many shades like black, white, gray  
Next time humans your death  
will be slow and painful.

Flat chested lady makes you depressed  
The real war is against the stupid  
Wow, that's more than I make in a year!

You turn my floppy disk into a hard drive  
I'm white and I'm sorry  
Torture you, that's a good idea.

## SHIP SEX

A storm approaches and the first mate  
tells us to go inside because  
things will get sloppy soon  
so we retreat to the bar where Don Ho sings.

I order another rum and coke to clear my head  
the UN girl from Switzerland crosses her legs  
and in Italy the Pope has a raging hard on.

The boat is swaying back  
and forth and the power  
of the ocean can be felt from head to toe  
I sip quickly and try to remember my German.

She says yes and we retreat to her quarters  
flowers are in bloom and I get right down to it  
we both moan as the rain pours down.

## THE BIRTH CANAL

Been feeling really hyper today  
like my perfection is about to blow up  
and I have to keep on top of everything.

You would think at my age  
that I would know better  
and would not try so hard to do everything right.

Now my head is spinning round and round  
thanks to some beer and time off  
able to be just what I want to be.

Inside it's 74 degrees and outside it's 44 degrees  
the music on the headphones is in both ears  
only one side of my brain seems to work now.

Want to bounce my balls off some pretty girl  
but the light is too bright and the glare  
makes me flaccid like a tom cat on acid.

By midnight a smile will be plastered on my face  
and my devotion will be to  
pink lips, clit and vagina  
never grow tired of the miracle of birth.

## RAINBOW BILL

He built shadows out of dreams  
Walked alone on the shore  
Saw a wave of hope  
But drowned trying to capture it.

He never thought about tomorrow  
Because today was too confusing  
Found an injection to ease the dizziness  
And always came down trying to get up.

He spoke in tongues long ago cut out  
Blasphemous babbling recited by saints of old  
He was a ruler of the nowhere empire  
In love with the rain in his heart.

He was a warm blooded old coot  
Who ached for the serenity of a cooling breeze  
Longed for the woman whenever he saw  
His reflection in his mirror of mirages.

He died atop a mountain last winter  
His only food was the love in his heart  
But he ran out of nourishment  
And now his life is over.

## SERENITY

There can be peace  
when you let it be  
quiet those negative thoughts  
and just live reality.

Set aside a day  
in every week  
for rest and meditation  
open up and seek.

Find a river, find the sky  
see how you forget time  
as your worries fly by.

## WIND UP

There is never a good way  
to say goodbye-  
some say it overnight  
in a sleepy peace.

Others linger on  
no memories to be had  
and confound loved ones  
with nonsense speech.

Where do I want to go  
When it's my time to go?  
I don't know  
Eternally in love feels right.

## THREAD THE NEEDLE

This whole mess is being turned by one thread  
in a single motion

Off the edge into dice baseball  
so many numbers

Along the road there were no signs  
waiting for deliverance

This whole configuration centers the needle  
with one piece of thread yet  
enough to entwine the entire universe

Not there yet  
will we ever get there, together?

Atom Psalm, Book of David,  
shoes, women, lace, spin.

Never going to break the eternal thread!

## LAKESHORE DRIVE

We were fast asleep on the kitchen table  
and Mom forgot to serve dessert.

She was out back with Dad  
who was hung on the clothes line  
upside down or downside up  
we had no sense of direction.

In the morning we went to school  
and handed in homework  
when the bell rang we went home.



MOM

Oh mother

It's hot here in Hell

Oh how the evil doth smell.

## DAD

The last friend I had use to talk to the walls  
Now he's in Florida mapping offshore squalls  
Me, I'm here stuck to the bed  
Trying to remember what is was my father said.

## THE HOLE

There was a time now there is a hole  
all the people were transformed  
from blood and bones  
to replicas, copies, facsimiles,  
photos and video screens  
shadows of their former selves,  
rip offs from creation  
non-semen, sexless, genderless  
unfeeling morons  
glued to the Earth not by gravity  
but by a sensation  
of life as it once was...

They cast no reflection in the  
mirror and no prints  
could be dyed in the ink  
they excreted no waste and  
passion was only a brand name  
and a television show  
life was a constant rerun and birth and death and  
family and truth were outlawed  
for a government based  
on making everything and everyone  
fit into little boxes  
of socialized security...

There was a time now there is a hole  
and I'm all upset because my  
stomach no longer digests  
anything and there are no hungry folks left in the  
world all our taste buds cut  
out and used as microchips  
in a computer taste testing game,  
it is awful these days  
with an artificial sun and  
artificial ground and artificial  
people and artificial animals  
and even artificial artificial...

Every night somehow I still manage  
to sleep one of the few  
things left from my former lifetime  
and I hear screams of  
a planet anesthetized beyond tears

but the final pain before  
the cosmetic surgery as so great  
that blood flows through  
my subconscious and coats  
my eyes and lips upon awakening  
to another day in the hole  
without time just little brain  
clicks that tell us what to do and when to do it...

There was a time and now there is a hole  
we can't do nothing about what is  
and now it is too late!  
so we can mope in the corner  
of our sterilized brains rerunning  
I LOVE LUCY ad-nauseam until everyone  
you know has red hair  
and a Cuban accent and wants  
to ham it up on the stage of  
despair with no hope, no honor  
and no chance of ever living  
of ever dying of ever doing anything with meaning again.

## FLASHBACK #23

We live forever  
the same experience  
over and over.

History is past  
Full of pain  
Future is already here  
The same game  
The now is everything  
Where you remain.

## WE ONLY NOTICE PAIN

Grim days and puddles of toxic chemicals  
seep into my shoes and I grow another toe.  
The pigeons fly upside down  
shit all over themselves.  
We wear pithy helmets  
whine about our employment.

Derisive sunrises, bitter sunsets  
Long lunches and immature ejaculations  
We only notice pain.

I was stuck in traffic and  
shoved a pneumatic drill  
into the face of a traffic cop  
who gave me the finger.  
I imported some domestic help  
to clean up my dirt  
she wore a cute little outfit  
and shot her mouth off a lot.

Derisive sunrises, bitter sunsets  
Long lunches and immature ejaculations  
We only notice pain.

The over-sized clerk washed his underwear  
in a tobacco spittoon  
said the juice made him cum.  
My friend Dorothy was over the rainbow  
so who gives a shit anymore  
there's no place like home.

We sat on nails and kissed ass  
We walked on fire and hit bottom  
In the end  
We only notice pain.

The Honeymoon Machine was set on overdrive  
a couple of newlyweds bobbing on the Eubanks  
they told lies, secrets and made videotapes  
of sado-masochistic love  
they eventually died in a  
tangle of hemp rope love positions.

Derisive sunrises, bitter sunsets  
Long lunches and immature ejaculations  
We only notice pain.

## A ZIPPER STUCK IN ETERNITY

Sometimes I feel like a zipper stuck in eternity  
In the middle of doing something for nothing  
And about to die of frustration  
But life is not a bed all comfortable and warm  
Most of the time its a zipper stuck in eternity  
Frozen in anticipation or ducking buckshot  
From a wild man out to do you harm  
Yet in all sincerity I can say love is the answer  
But I still don't know what the question is  
Some say life is cells and being healthy  
Others say its your station  
in life and being wealthy  
I look for the balance beam and being happy  
Believe in myself and eliminate the crappy  
Each day is an opportunity for honest expression  
And trust that the end is only another beginning  
But sometimes I feel like  
A zipper stuck in eternity  
Not able to function but aware of the mess  
Looking for the right oil to unloosen me the best.

## PAINKILLERS

Being with Tean

A good book

A good music album

A long flow of poetic words

A black and white movie

A new magazine

Baseball cards

A day off from work

A week off from work

Being able to help someone

A good nights sleep

A snowstorm

A spring day

A lively spirit

A happy heart

A fresh start.



## MY DRUNKENNESS

My drunkenness was neat  
A tiny capsule where  
I could bury my aspirations  
And not feel guilty.

My drunkenness was conceit  
I knew the answers backwards  
And forwards and would not  
Face the truth for the truth  
Was a liquid hole in my soul.

My drunkenness was convenient  
An easy way out of feeling  
Pain and filling the time  
With idleness instead of  
Doing something worthwhile.

My drunkenness was a crutch  
Something that helped me  
Stand on my own two feet  
When what I really wanted  
Was someone to care for me.

My drunkenness was a friend  
When I had no friends because  
I would not take the time  
To understand others points of view  
Because my point was the only one true.

My drunkenness was a fuel  
To vent my frustrations and  
Let go of my true feelings  
But there was no one there to  
Catch those feelings.

My drunkenness was hysteria  
A seesaw of laughing,  
Crying, power and pity  
The feeling was lost and found  
Up and down bullshit serenity.

# MY DRUNKENNESS ENDED

My drunkenness was ended  
When I no longer feared myself  
Or the decisions made  
And I learned that  
There is only one day at a time.

## LUNCH

Square ball Joe  
with his liniment toe  
stubbed himself  
all over the universe.

With 4 wheel drive  
and a mouth full of jive  
he proceeded  
to rip me up.

Drinkin', mockin'  
Cursin', lyin'  
after two years  
felt like I was dyin'

He never had much to say  
Unless he didn't get his way  
He never smiled  
Acted like a child.

So one cloudy day  
I went my own way  
finally got free  
from his contagious misery.

## MYSELF

I see myself  
before myself  
crying to be free.

I see myself  
before myself  
asking who is me.

I see myself  
before myself  
very reluctantly.

# MANY MINDS

Dependency  
full flight  
fantasy feelings  
crutches for the mind.

Shadows, illusions  
mothers, fathers  
cash register tape  
what's with this mind?

More meetings  
door is open  
cup of coffee  
what's on your mind?

# THE AA MEETING

Comfortable  
not alone  
no longer scared.

All the things  
that wore me down  
no longer around.

Sober  
and smiling  
no longer scared.

## GOD

This all seems so very real

How can this be so?

I wake, I sleep, I dream

A womb, an Earth, an infinity

Does any of it matter?

How do we clothe ourselves in the holy spirit?

These are shadows-my dreams of you

The happiness that rests in your eyes

Tomorrow, so very grateful

That you are always there.

## DARKNESS IN LIGHT

And there we were bright-eyed and bushy-tailed  
Ready to crack the code  
But little did we know what we were up against  
Turmoil, turbulence, tenderness  
and least of all ourselves.

Whatever this can mean we sure are mean  
Whatever we can do we will not do  
Whatever happens will happen without us  
Whatever we see we will not see for long.

Truth to tell there is no truth  
Days will swell in measure to our lust and greed  
Vain and glorious people all for show  
The type of people you don't want to know.

Future looks dim but when has it not  
Past looks clear but that's a lie  
Present is tense but when has it been different?  
A backwards flip through  
the pages of my madness  
Brings only tears and a bad awareness.

Some people are different  
They can really believe  
Others are heady  
They only conceive  
Still the holy spirit keeps us going right  
Keeps us pacing the floor for the truth.



## LSD

LSD left me empty  
everywhere I went a little voice  
followed me around  
told me what to do  
something like automatic pilot?

LSD left me rootless  
in perpetual space motion  
resolved in one mass  
not some silly kick  
so easy to forget what you learn?

LSD movement is jagged  
face is ghost-like with a wave-like vision  
all senses were open  
every action brought extreme pleasure  
there was only perfection?

LSD time stood still  
as my chin  
fell asleep  
on the window sill.

## 74 BUS

Can't be grieving no more  
happiness ain't such a chore  
ashes to ashes dust to dust  
all we can do is do what we must.

Hurt me, hurt me some more  
you didn't hurt me enough  
now hurt me some more  
it's not enough this feeling of hate.

The devil is on the roadway  
I can't get my ass in reverse  
the devil is in the drivers seat  
at the wheel of a 74 bus.

## HEGIRA

Talking about starting over  
and doing things different  
and being pure but I don't know  
what I am doing anymore.  
Says it feels good all alone but yet it  
never really turned him on  
all this talk and all these symbols.  
I'm gonna wake up someday  
and read this and wonder why  
I even bothered writing it.  
My mind is filled with nothingness all is sad  
Yes, I'm okay I guess and you're okay.  
You have to deal with numbers sooner or later.  
numbers can add up and subtract you down.  
It is easy to end so I never want to end  
qualifications for suicide are deep down in head.  
Talking about trying and  
playing games which are healthy  
have I learned to extinguish the bad  
and intake the good?  
You can't help what's inside you she tells me  
seeing straight for the first time in years.  
In visions we melt, we don't love anymore,  
cold wind breaks spirit  
burning at both ends and trying to be one.

DEALER

He's got  
an attic  
full of drugs

And a  
pedigree dog  
full of bugs.

## CRYSTAL

Angel dust heaven come play with me  
Take my mind let's be done with me  
Days all the same, much too plain  
Nothing to lose, nothing to gain.

# DISPASSIONATE

She told me to stick it in  
So in there I went again  
I found the slot  
It felt so hot  
She moaned say when.

# DRY DOCK

We tried  
to have an orgy  
but nobody  
could come.

# NORTH TOWER CONSTRUCTION

Bright lights and exotic carpets  
mirrors everywhere!  
a country unto itself  
the individual is immersed  
in a field of money  
either to burn or to cultivate.

But you know the sun still rises  
and the sun still sets  
no matter where you are on this earth  
you can walk a fine line with reality  
but don't rush over the edge  
for there you will meet the abyss.

Why not stick around and  
be part of yourself and others  
sharing, merging, caring, loving  
taking time to be part of something  
the world within can shine with gold  
the world without to reflect your soul.



# DANGER: CHILD WITH CRAYON

Baby plays with crayons on the sidewalk

Sidesteps father when she draws a blank

He falls in - she laughs

The game is over

Father disappears

Never comes back again.

## H BOMB

yeah, like when, like now  
how all the scattered seeds  
from your tongue have settled  
and you are left with a ram  
in your brain pan  
total mass numbness  
no pain, if you can even  
remember what pain feels like.

## YOUR TOILET RUN OVER

Someone was there to spoil the fun  
The parade passed by only to get rained on  
Under the influence of a spectator sport  
Self-flagellation she said and quickly smiled  
We made some tea and talked  
about mating our rats  
Still it rained on our parade  
The judge mumbled something  
about Coca-Cocaine  
And set us all free  
We managed to torment a meter maid  
We repainted the firehouse and spilled shellac  
All over the druggist's prescription  
We reported a missing "lost and found"  
to the police  
The police reported conduct  
unbecoming to a politician  
But let it lay in the sidewalk anyway  
We played dice games and  
diagnosed the schizophrenia.

## GRAVITY HAS WHISKERS

The whole story usually reads as overflow  
Puzzles are one piece before they are broken up  
Elegance stands alone with star quality.

Ad copy on the cameraman's upper lip  
Watch out the canal boat sinks at noon  
The party will begin with  
rubber soap wash downs.

Closet clowns wipe tears into smiles  
New model cards brake for Jesus  
A new company cleans dirt for free.

Pantry Pride sweepstakes announces only losers  
Church offers free rides to smelly pews  
A dentist now specializes in Twinkie fillings.

Self-imposed exile looks for carpet cleaner  
Wife bequeaths wreaths without humor  
Well wisher runs out of coins  
and jumps out of shoes.

Clocks thrown in river causes flood of time  
Brick buildings become endangered species  
Creative spirit silences inner noise.

# HUNGOVER CHUGGING REALITY

Can't take very much  
very much more of this reality  
this reality which explodes in your face  
and leaves you crying for space.

Hungover from chugging reality  
Not drinking, not drugging  
Just hungover from chugging reality.

Some people watch you and say  
one day at a time or  
easy does it, first things first  
and they mean well.

But I get so wound up and  
I can't breathe inside and  
all the wonder and beauty  
turns to rust.

Hungover from chugging reality  
Not drinking, not drugging  
Just hungover from chugging reality.

Sometimes it seems that everything is dying  
you see the homeless, starving and crying  
and you're so busy there's nothing to do  
only face your problems and begin anew.

## FOURTH AVENUE INHALATIONS

The night comes on  
flashes of sky  
the bright horizon  
and the diffident undertow.

Suppers on the table  
dad's kicked my cradle.

The Moon! The Moon!  
the blessed Moon  
where does it rest  
in the sky this night  
in the sky the next day.  
No shadows, no pattern, no dance  
can get through this  
this feeling that has a hold of me  
it comes, then it goes  
its being; I really don't know

Some willy nilly with a cat named Billy  
was conversing as I started cursing  
"Oh go on violent world  
spark up and die!"

Wrong way fell from a porch of wood  
shattered himself onto the cement  
and now there is some muscle loose  
with aching posture and pain  
he's a muck in desire and everlasting fire.

So eat and meet the people who excrete  
while done up in their wash towels  
you can hear their asses howl  
pensioners and lifers in eternity's jail  
come on as saviors but live in garbage pails.

It is cold yet vegetable this feeling of mine  
your heart goes through beats  
each one more tired  
you sit in wonder while your head  
throbs with bliss  
castigated to nowhere last on every list.

Proud to be allowed but cautious to the end  
the only gratification he wanted

was from a dear friend  
and now cast away to ink and pad  
you think about what you had.

Descriptions like crazy, mixed-up fool  
they don't mean much  
now that you are out of school  
there is no one to care  
only piles of dirty underwear.

Somehow the minutes suspend into eons  
Smoke makes you feel glad you are still going on  
Tomorrow is for sorrow  
today is to pray  
no need to hurry  
time passes away.

During certain hours of reflection  
the sanity comes together  
no matter the media, no matter the weather  
you feel at ease as enlightenment unfolds  
the self becomes a black hole  
folds into itself, myriad folds, a drain.

Twas' not long ago  
that a dear lady sat  
upon your cock  
and melted your skin  
it was fun  
a love! a throbbing of genitals  
you can still see her sucking of the wet dew  
the cum that cums from one is given to you.

Yet, did she see?  
something was wrong with me  
has she found a new lover  
the smell of her sex still gets me upset  
I toss, I turn  
my bed a flaming urn!  
Like angels and kings departed from yore  
men in suits, sadists in gore  
fists up the ass, boxes of cum  
lock it all inside then explode  
like a gun!

The footsteps of Minstrels  
come tune up by my door

ounces of their witchcraft  
shout the confused score  
I'm in trouble  
so I sleep in self-womb  
await joy from a room  
that stinks of gloom.



## BIOPSY

She was only a reflection  
of my inner sadness  
whenever she came over  
she drove me to madness.

Deep inside I wish  
this scene would end  
but this man I met  
is my only friend.

## BRIGHT IDEAS

Went down to the light bulb factory  
everybody else was right  
and I was all wrong  
they told me to go to college  
before I could work  
in their light bulb factory.

Met a guy named Wompers  
taught me how to detect people  
from a mile away  
then he gave me a bubble  
and moaned  
that's the last bubble  
you'll ever get from me.

# SICK MOTHERFUCKER

Sick Motherfucker  
dresses  
with two chopsticks  
up his nose.

Sick Motherfucker  
freezes  
other people's garbage  
then meat loafs it.

Sick Motherfucker  
puts mayo  
on the railroad tracks  
& hopes for accidents.

Sick Motherfucker  
pays  
dogs to shit  
& steps on their tails.

Sick Motherfucker  
sticks  
his cock in ice cream  
& waits for Pavlov's bell.

Sick Motherfucker  
sings  
all day long  
murders frogs at night.

# SHE GAVE ME THE BLUES

She loved to shoplift underwear  
The cops were always sniffing for clues  
She gave me the blues  
She gave me the blues  
And I never did get rid of them.

She always took pictures  
But never got them developed  
She gave me the blues  
She gave me the blues  
And I never did get rid of them.

## SPRING TIME

Razzle dazzle spit ball heads  
awake and bake breakfasts of bread  
Solly Hemus he don't care  
he's fucked up he don't dare  
Face the world in all its glory  
rather shit all day and read a story  
Walk on the cracked sidewalk  
engage in spring time small talk.

## LINED UP TO DRINK

So much for the hello embraces  
all these empty faces  
lined up to drink  
all of us lacking timing and social graces.

Love in motion  
the button fly was open  
she was a tall glass hoping  
to drown him in the ocean.

A portion of me  
still floats out there  
and disturbs the me  
that is still and free.

SOCK ME  
blotter acid  
perforated  
dentist food.

unbalanced  
loose  
fell off  
the deep end.

# SHE TAKES ME HOME

Magic

she's so graceful  
she wraps me up  
inside her legs  
and when she cums  
she explodes  
she's magic  
pure magic  
a magic sex being  
that appears  
whenever we are  
joined together.

Adorable

I adore her  
every chance  
I can get  
she takes me  
inside & out  
takes me  
on a joy ride  
up & down  
so tender and overflowing  
with passion  
she takes me home.



## MY WARM DREAMS

Oh warm lovely passionate dreamer  
hold me in your arms tonight  
take me into your flights of fancy  
help me soar to the everlasting stars  
don't bring me down to Earth  
let me ride on your wings  
way above this earth of dirt  
let me walk on the clouds  
help me to be aware  
to express love, to conquer evil, to slay error  
to walk on my own two feet  
to think clearly, to love genuinely  
to be the being of your creation  
let my idle illusions be dashed  
let my careless words be stricken  
let my cold lonely face be slapped  
let my free will be your will in heaven  
oh spirit of gentle love encircle me  
tonight as all nights  
hold me in your eternal arms  
and voice the knowledge to act  
that you impart and direct every day  
perfect, pure and full of love  
oh today, yesterday, tomorrow  
there is only one day  
and that day is with the Lord.

# YOU NEVER LEFT

There you are  
you never left  
there you are  
LOVE  
you never left.

Time to embrace you  
LOVE  
there you are  
you never left.

LOVE  
always here  
always there  
always everywhere  
LOVE  
you never left.

## ODE TO MARIJUANA

In a dormant and helpless condition  
I immediately consulted my local physician  
He told me not to worry  
He told me not to hurry  
So slowly without a care  
I returned to my lair.

Then reclined in my double bed  
I cleaned one ounce for my troubled head  
Filled the pipe and lit a match  
After one toke I began to relax  
I felt again like a boy  
Sleep was pure joy!

## MOLD

All the friends I ever had  
either got rich or went mad  
alone is best  
so easy to rest  
a room contains a person  
a person contains a room.

## NOTES FROM MY RAFT

Polite electric machines detach  
my brain and play with my toes  
down the street a child picks  
at a boil while the radio blares  
sensational breezes full of Chloroform  
and Benzene creates a mass numbness  
before death a death in vomit  
caught in the wind pipe.

The best part of the newspaper  
the funnies, the comics  
the best shows on television  
the reruns, the sitcoms  
the best person I ever knew  
is still to be known  
the best day I ever had  
was in her arms, legs, pussy and mouth.

A Hispanic revolution in our land  
the language of freedom sometimes  
speaks a Communist tongue  
understand that this land  
was not made for you and me  
the fight is still on  
when you stand still you kill  
street corners full of cheap thrills.

All the film begins to develop  
when Lois takes over  
who wonders however  
about you and your insect breath  
she likes to ravage herself  
in strange bathrooms  
adult fixtures hard to swallow  
but her breasts are always mine.

"Receive Me, Receive Me," she cried  
so I put my finger on her cunt  
and told her to pee  
in fact she did all over me  
not a dry eye in the house  
a pathetic woman with money  
who unzipped flies and fished  
for cock in an evening gown.

To live this life you have  
to be in love with all the  
people all the time no  
matter where they stand  
or how ugly they may seem  
to love this life you have  
to be outside yourself  
far enough to see inside yourself.

## NO SOLUTIONS

Some days like today I wonder  
What I am doing on this earth.

Lost inside other people  
Most of all lost inside myself.

Unable to express  
What is really on my mind.

She comes and then she goes

In between that time

I don't know where she is

And I find myself lost.

This woman can't be counted on

To give you many answers

Rather she can be counted on

To give you mindless questions.

Most of the bad things

In my life start

With the letter "R"

Rage, resentment, redundancy, reservations.

Read on, read on

Expression lost again

Mind ties knots

No solutions or ideas

No solutions in a liquid brain.

# ALL THE SHOPPERS ARE DYING

All the shoppers are dying  
the stores have no bags  
nothing for consumers to put their  
purchases in but two hands.

All the shoppers are dying  
the stores won't accept money  
nothing to empty their wallets for  
can only wring their two hands.

All the shoppers are dying  
no one wants anything anymore  
nothing to fill their lives up with  
only the memory of busy hands.

All the shoppers are dying  
you can't buy what is within  
let's walk around each other  
and join hands once again.



## THAT LAST OUNCE

You are full of emptiness and the night is  
your only friend as alone you confront the  
desires and confusion of a 20th century mind.

You trip, you stutter, you hide your head  
you spend half your life dreaming in bed.

The world it sees you just as you are  
if only you could drive a car.

The same things repeat their way in your mind  
time after time with each journey you lose  
more of your precious brain.

Boredom needs no explanation because  
everything is a waste of time but still  
there is the question of that last dime.

No voice to speak of your speech is a mutated  
jagged sound you compute to be  
a vow of inner silence.

To often emphasis and praise is given to  
experience instead of innocence.

Snowstorms slow down a world going too fast  
sit on your knees beg for an end to  
this smoking madness  
but there is nothing else to do.

This is the life that promised so much  
this is the life you have chosen to waste  
this is the life that has only double meanings.  
He spends his money on a plant and smokes  
to drive away the boredom and deliver  
the madness to not care anymore  
he is alone and alone he will stay.

# THE HOUSE OF MORGUE

The House of Morgue  
she told me to meet her there  
we knelt on the altar  
and said a few prayers.

One for the world  
to have a happy ending  
one for our love  
to be never ending.

We crept up the stairs  
in our gowns of white  
we turned down the bed  
and came with the night.

We dreamed of the future  
while planted in love  
we caught each others juices  
would we ever get enough?

The clouds in the sky  
get darker every day  
our prayers were answered  
as we merged in a death play.

## 70 FOURTH AVENUE

Done in  
by faults  
of the earth.

No use in waiting any longer  
activity can only make me stronger.

No use in sleeping down under  
sooner or later have to hear the thunder.

cannot stand by with indecision  
after nine innings you usually  
know who's winning.

The hum of the refrigerator  
Trina asleep on the couch  
smoke in the hallways  
two blue bedrooms  
the twist of a peanut butter jar  
the tilt of the porch  
the gas station across the street  
the old family couch  
the bathroom sink.

Time to get up and go.

## 72 FOURTH AVENUE

A hot ticket and she felt my stub  
A button popped and she began to rub

We were flying somewhere over Tampa Bay  
I pulled out and asked are you okay?

And now in the apartment all alone  
Picking my cuticles and stroking this poem

The dead never died like I have died  
Standing in mirrors smelling of pride

The mirror cracked and I backed off  
Engaged in loathing hamburgers and scotch

And now I'm in the shower soaping my dick  
My cumwriter pours white a genuine bic

The dealer liked bags, bags that were full  
The family was clean, sign of Taurus bull  
One day the house it really caught fire

The gig was over time to retire  
I was prescribed Mellaril got trapped in a room  
Chased at knife point some witch with a broom

Today I go on a little older  
My youthful temptations finally over.

PARADOX  
lost all that  
was found  
found all that  
was lost.

# POPS

## (FOR POOKA THE POODLE)

Where are your Pops?

Where are you now?

Do the stars still shine?

Is there a touch of morning dew?

Do you know we miss you?

Soft white poodle dog

Who would never run away.

# AWAKEN

Don't panic - dance!

It is not over

Love never ends

Don't give up - strut!

Walk with pride

& love at your side.

## NOBODY TO TALK WITH

Nobody to talk with  
the bus stops again  
picks up one person  
drops off another.

Nobody to talk with  
work to be done  
a phone rings  
a knock at the door.

Nobody to talk with  
our love is dead  
she either drinks  
or curses or cries.

Nobody to talk with  
a throat grown cold  
despair in the gut  
pain in the head.

Nobody to talk with  
God is Love  
yes, God talks  
will I listen?



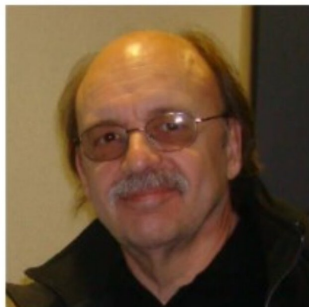
## THE CENTER

To know there is sunshine  
When there is only rain  
To know there is pleasure  
When there is only pain.

Life has many secrets  
Deep, dark and confused  
Many ways to go forth  
Yet only one can you choose.

Hunger is when you feel incomplete  
From your head down to your feet  
Feed the body and feed the mind  
Health is freedom from all sense of time.

Sickness is idea confused in mind  
Life is beautiful constantly remind  
Take each sunrise in the palm of your hand  
Never worry something eternal has the plan.



**David R. Wyder is the author of two other books that are available via Amazon in print and e-book form.**

**The Complete Daily Cow**

**The Holy Church of Moo**

**He was also very active in the "zine" scene in the 1990's.**

**All zine issues are available online at [scribd.com](https://www.scribd.com) in .pdf format.**

**Daily Cow 14 issues**

**A Call To Cud 4 issues**

**ASH 10 issues**

**ButtRash 4 issues**

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**Blind Cow Publications 2024**